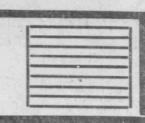


A Red-Haired Cupid. By Henry Wallace Phillips



OW did I come to get myself disliked down at the Chanta Seechee? Well, I'll tell you," said Reddy, the cow-puncher. "The play came up like this. First, they made the Chanta Seechee into a stock company, then the stock company put all their brains in one think, and says they, 'We'll make this man Jones superintendent, and the ranch is all right at once.' So out comes Jones from Boston, Mass., and what he didn't know about running a ranch was common talk in the country, but what he thought he knew about running a ranch was too much for one man to carry around. He wasn't a bad-hearted feller in some ways, yet on the whole he felt it was an honor to a looking-glass to have the pleasure of reflecting him,

"Well, the next thing after Jonsey got established was that his niece must come out during vacation and pay him a visit. 'Jeerusalem!' thinks I, 'Jonsey's niece!' I had visions of a thin, yaller, sour little piece, with mouse-colored hair plastered down on her head, and an unkind word for everybody. We gave three loud groans when we got the news in the bull-pen. And I cussed for ten minutes straight, without re-peating myself once; when it so fell out that the members of the boar drolled out our way the day

members of the boar drolled out our way the day the girl had to be sent for, and Jonsey couldn't break loose, and your uncle was elected to take the buckboard and drive twenty miles to the railroad.

"Well,' says I, I'll give that eastern blossom an idea of the quality of this country anyhow.' So I togs myself up in the awfullest rig I could find, strapped two ca'tridge belts on me, every hole filled, and a gun in every holster; put candie grease on my mustache and twisted the ends up to my eye winkers; stuck a knife in my hatband and another in my boot; threw a shotgun and a rifle in the buckboard and pulled out quick through the colt pens before Jonsey could get his peeps onto me.

"Well, sir, I was jarred witless when I laid my eyes on that young woman. She was all the things

eyes on that young woman. She was all the things a man ever wanted in this world rolled up in a prize package. Seems like the good Lord was kind of care-

package. Seems like the good Lord was kind of careless when he built Jonsey, but when he turned out he played square with the fambly.

"I ain't what you might call a man that's easily disturbed in his mind, but I know I says to myself that first day, "if I was ten year younger, young lady, they'd never lug you back east again." Gee, man! There was a time when I'd have had that gir! I notice I don't fall in love so violent as the years roll on. I can squint my eye over now and say. Yes. roll on. I can squint my eye over now and say, 'Yes, that's a beautiful hand, but I reckon I'd better stay out,' and lay 'em down without a sigh; whereas, when I was a young feller, if I had three aces in sight I'd raise the rest of the gathering right out of their foot leather or get enught at it.

"Well I don't have to mention that Love stimed."

"Well, I don't have to mention that Loys stirred things up considerably around the Chanta Seechee and vicinity. Gee! What a diving into wannegans and a fetching out of good clothes there was. And trading of useful coats and things for useless but decorating silk handkerchiefs and things! And what a halventting and whisker tripming!

"But Kyle was the man from the go in. And it was right it should be so. If ever two young people were born to make trouble for each other, it was Kyle and Love

Loys.

"A nice, descent fellow was Kyle. Nothing remarkable, you could say, and that was one of his best points. Howsomever, he had a head that could do plain thinking, a pair of shoulders that discouraged frivoling and he was so square a piece of furniture as ever came out of a factory. More'n that, he had quite a little education, saved his money, never got, more than good-natured loaded and he could ride anything that had four legs, from a sawhorse to old tiger, Buck, who could kick both your feet out of the stirrups and reach around and bite you in the small of the back so quick that the boys would be pulling his front hoofs only of your frame before you'd realize that the canter had begun. Nice horse, Buck. He like to eat Jonsey up one morning before Silver and me that the canter had begun. Nice horse, Buck. He like to eat Jonsey up one morning before Silver and me could get to the corral. Lord! The sounds made my blood run cold! Old Buck squealing like a boar pig in a wolf trap, and Jonsey yelling. Help! Murder! Police! Even that did not cure Jones from sticking h's nose where it wasn't wanted. Why, once—but thunder! It would take me a long while to tell you all that happened to Jones.

that happened to Jones.

"One thing that didn't hurt Kyle any in the campaign, was that he was 'most as good looking for a man as she was for a woman. They made a pair to draw to, I tell you, loping over the prarie, full of health and youngness! Loys was so happy it made you feel like a boy again to see her. She told me in private that it was wonderful how the air out here agreed with her, and I said it was considered mighty bracing, and never let on that they proclaimed their state of mind every time they looked at each other. I reckon old Smart Jonsey was the only party in the township who didn't understand.

"Well, things went on as smooth and easy as bob-sledding until it came time for Loys to be moseying back to college again.

"Then Kyle took me into his confidence. I never was less astonished in my whole life, and I didn't tell him so. 'Well, what are you going to do about it?" says I.

says he. 'Do you think she likes me, Red?' I felt like saying,' 'Well, if you ain't got all the traits but the long ears I miss my guess,' but I made allowances and says I, Well, about that, I don't think I ought to say anything; still, if I had only one eye left I could see plain that her education's finished. She don't want any more college, that girl don't.

"'Think not?' says he, bracing up. And then, by and by, they went out to ride, for Jonsey was good to the girl. I'll say that for him. He was willing to do anything for her in reason, according to his views. But Kyle wasn't in them views; he was out of the picture as far as husband went.

"They came back as sunset, when the whole world "They came back as sunset, when the whole world was growing red, the same as they were. I reached for the field glasses and took a squint at them. There was no harm in that, for they were well-behaved young folks. One look at their faces was enough. There were three of us in the bull-pen—Bob and Wind-River Smith and myself. 'Boys,' says I, under my breath, 'they've made the riffle.'

"No! says they,' and then everybody had to take a pull at the glasses.

"Now, they only had three days left to get an action on them, as that was the time set for Loys to go back to college. "Next day they heid a council behind the big barn, and they called in Uncle Red—otherwise known as Big Red Saunders, or Chanta Seechee Red. which means 'Badheart Red, in Sloux language, and doesn't explain me by a darn sight—to get the benefit of his valuable advice. valuable advice.

"'Skip,' says I. 'Fly for town and get married, and come back and tell Jonsey about it. It's a pesky sight stronger argument to tell him what you have done than what you're going to do.'
"They couldn't quite agree with that. They thought

it was sneaky.

"So it is,' says I. "The first art of war is understanding how to make a grand sneak. Be gone. Put your marker on the grand raffle. In other words, take the first horse to town and get married. Ten chances to one Jonsey will have the laugh on you before the year is out."

'I don't think you are a bit nice today, Red,' says

Loys.

"'He's jealous,' says Kyle.

"'That's what I am, young man,' says I. 'If I had ten years off my shoulders and a little of the glow of my hair, I'd give you a run for your alley that would leave you breathless at the wind-up.'

"'I think your hair is a beautiful color, Red,' says I. 'Many a woman would like to have it.'

Loys. 'Many a woman would like to have it.'
"'Of course they would,' I answered. 'But they
don't get it. I'm foxy, I am.' Still I was touched in Well, I'm glad,' says Smithy. And darn my a tender spot. That young woman knew just the

"'Oh, Lord! I wonder if she'll be willing? says he. "She was willing all right—even anxious. There's ome women—and men, too, for that matter—who go through life like a cat through a back alley, not caring a cuss for either end or the middle. They would have been content to wait. Not so Loys. She wanted her Kyle, her poor Kyle, and she wanted him

Now, I had a minister friend up in town. Father "Now, I had a minister triend up in town. Fatuer Slade by name. No, he was not a Catholic, I think. They called him 'Father' because it fitted him. His church had a steeple on it, anyhow, so it was no maverick. Just what particular kind of religion the old man had I don't know, but I should say he was a hameonath on a guess. He looked it. Twas a old man had I don't know, but I should say he was a homeopath on a guess. He looked it. 'Twas a comfort to see him coming down the street, his old face shining in his white hair like a shriveled pink apple in a snow drift, God-blessing everything in sight—good, bad or indifferent. He had something pleasant to say to all. We was quite friends, and every once in a while we'd have a chin about things. "'Are you keeping straight, Red?" he'd ask when we parted.

"'Um, I'd say, I'm afraid you'd notice a bond here."

Um,' I'd say, 'I'm afraid you'd notice a bend here

and there if you slid your eyes along the edge."

and there if you slid your eyes along the edge.'
"'Well, keep as straight as you can; don't give up
trying, my boy,' he'd tell me, mighty earnest, and I'd
feel ashamed of myself clear around the corner.
"I knew the old man would do me a favor if it
could be done, so I pulled out easy in my mind.
"First place, I stopped at the doctor's, because I
felt they might fix up the marrying business some
other time, but if a leg that's brke in the upper joint
ain't set right you can see a large, dark-complected
hunk of trouble over the party's left shoulder for the ain't set right you can see a large, dark-complected hunk of trouble over the party's left shoulder for the rest of his days. The doctor was out, so I left word for him what was wanted and to be ready when I got back, and pulled for Father Slade's. The old gentleman had the rheumatism and he grouned when I came in. Rheumatism's no disease for people when a cam't swear. who can't swear.

'How are you, my boy?' says he. 'I'm glad to see

much wanting to talk to somebody."

"I passed the time of day with him, but felt kind of blue. This didn't look like keeping my word with the kids. I really hated to say anything to the old knowing his disposition; still, I felt I had to,

man, knowing his disposition; still, I felt I had to, an dI out with my story.

"Dear! dear! says he. "The hurry and skurry of young folks! How idle it seems when you get fifty years away from it, and see how little anything counts. For all that, I thank God.' says he, 'that there's a little red left in my blood yet, which makes me sympathize with them. But the girl's people object, you say?"

"I made that all clear to him. "The girl's always."

I made that all clear to him. "The girl's always all right. Father,' says I, 'and as for the man in this case, my word for him.'

"Now, it ain't just the right thing for me to say, but seeing as I've never had anything particular to be modest about and I'm proud of what the old gentleman told me, I'm going to repeat it.
"Your word is good for me, Red.' says he. 'You're a mischievous boy at times but your heart and your head are both reliable; give me your arm to the waron.'

wagon.

"Then I felt mighty sorry to think of lugging that poor old man all that ways.

"Here,' says I. 'Now you sit down again; don't you do anything of the sort—you hin't fit.'

"He put his hand on my shoulder and hobbled his wageth off the name leg."

"He put his hand on my shoulder and hobbled his weight off the game leg.

"Reddy. I was sitting there thinking when you came in—thinking of how comfortable it was to be in an easy chair with my foot on a stool, and then I thought, "If the Lord should send me some work to do would I be willing?" Now, thanks be to Him. I am willing, and glad to find myself so, and I do not believe there's any work more acceptible to Him than the union of young folks who love each other. Ouch! says he, as that foot touched the ground. 'Perhaps you'd better pick me up and carry me bodily.'

"So I did it, the old housekeeper following us with an armful of things and jawing the both of us—him for a fool and me for a villain. She was a strong-

for a fool and me for a villain. She was a strong-minded old lady, and I wish I could remember some of her falk—it was great.

We went around and got the doctor "'Hoo!' says he. 'Is it as bad as that?" I winked

"'It's a-plenty worse than that,' says I; 'you won't know the half of it till you get down there.' "But, of course, we had to tell him, and he was tickled. Funny what an interest everybody takes in these happenings. He wanted all the details.

"'By Jove!' says he, 'the man whose feelings ain't the least dimmed by a broken leg—horse rolled on him, you said? Splintered it, probably—that man is

one of the right sort. He'll do to tie to.'
When we reached the ranch the boys were lined up to meet us. 'Hurry along,' they called. 'Angey can't keep uncle amused all day.'
"So we hustled. Kyle was for being married first,

flat. It had gone long enough now, and I wasn't going to have him cripping it all his life. But the doctor worked like a man who gets paid by the piece, and in less than no time we were able to call Loys

"Wind-River Smith spoke to get to give the bride away, and we let him have it.

away, and we let him have it.

"We'd just got settled to business when in come Angevine, puffing like a buffalo. 'For heaven sakes! Ain't you finished yet?' says he; 'well, you want to be at it, for the old man ain't over two minutes behind me, coming fast. I took the distance in ten-foot steps. Just my luck! Foot slipped when I was talking to him, and I dropped a remark that made him suspicious—I wouldn't have done it for a ton of money—but it's too late now. I'll down him and hold him. -but it's too late now. I'll down him and hold him

out there if you say so.'
"Well, sir, this old Father Slade stood right up,

forgetting that foot entirely.

"'Children, be ready,' says he, and he went over the line for a record.

"'Hurry there!' hollered old Bob from the outside, where he was on watch; 'here comes uncle up the

long coulee."
"'What are you names,' says Father Slade. They told him, both red'ning.
"'Do you, Kyle, take this woman, Loys, to have and keep track of, come hell or high water, her heirs and assigns forever?"—or such a matter—says he, all in one breath. They both said they did.
"Things flew till we came to the ring. There was a hitch. We had plumb forgotten that important article. For a minute I felt stingy; then I cussed my'self for a mean old long-horn, and dived into my box, "'Here, take this!' I says. 'It was my mother's. "'Oh, Red! You musn't part with that!' cried Loys, her eyes filling up.

Oh, Red: You mush t part with that! cried Loys, her eyes filling up.
"Don't waste time talking; I put through what I tackle. Hurry, please, father."
"Has anybody any objections to these proceed-

"'I have,' says I, but I won't mention 'em. Give them the verdict.' 'I pronounce you man and wife. Let us pray,'

'What's that?' screeches Uncle Jonsey from the doorway. And then he gave us the queerest prayer you ever heard in your life. He stood on one toe and you ever heard in your life. He stood on one toe and clawed chunks out of the air while he delivered it. "He seemed to have it in for me in particular. 'You villain! You rascal! You red-headed rascal! You did this! I know you did!"
"'Oh, uncle,' says I, 'forgive me!" With that I hugged him right up to me, and he filled my bosom full of smothered language.
"'Cheese it, you little cuss!' I whispered in his ear, 'or I'll break every rib in your poor old chest!" I

'or I'll break every rib in your poor old chest!' I came in on him a trifle just to show him what I could do if I tried.

could do if I tried.

"'Nuff!' he wheezes. Quit. 'Nuff.'

"'Go up and congratulate 'em.' I whispered again.

"'I won't,' says he. 'Ouch! Yes, I will!' I will!'
So up he goes grinding his teeth.

"I wish you every happiness,' he grunts.

"'Won't you forgive me, uncle?' begs Loys.

"'Some other time: some other time!' he hollers, and he pranced out of the house like a hosstyle spider, the maddest little man in the territory.

the maddest little man in the territory.

"Loys had a hard time of it until Kyle got so he could travel, and they went up to the Yellowstone with a team for a wedding trip.

"The rest of Loys' folks was in ar unpleasant frame

of mind, too. They sent out her brother, and while I'd have took most anything from Loys' brother, there comes a place where human nature is human nature, and the upshot of it was I planked that young man yently but firmly coross. nature, and the upshot of it was I planked that young man' gently but firmly across my knees. Suffering Ike! But he was one sassy young man! Howsont-ever the whole outfit came round in time—all except uncle and me. He used to grit his teeth together till the sparks flew when he saw me. I was afraid he'd bust a blood vessel in one of them fits, so I quit. I hated to let go of the old ranch, but I'm pretty well well fixed—I'm superintendent here. It's Kyle's ranch, you know. That's his brand—the queer-looking thing on the left nip of that critter, over the vented hash knife. Loys' invention, that is. She says it's a cherublim, but we call it the 'flying flapjack.' There's a right smart lot of beef critters toting that signal around this part of the country. Kyle's one of the around this part of the country. Kyle's one of the fellers that rises like a setting of bread—quiet and gentle, but steady and sure. He's going to the egislature next year. 'Twon't do no harm to have one honest man in the outfit.

"Now, perhaps, if I'd married some nice woman I might have had 1,000 steers of my own, and a chance might have had 1,000 steers of my own, and a chance to makes rules and regulations for my feller citizens—and then, again, I might have took to gambling and drinking and raising blazes, and broke my poor wife's broomhandle with my hard head. So I reckon we'll let it slide as it is. Now you straddle that cay-use of yours and come along with me and I'll show you some ratiling colts." you some rattling colts."

and then having his leg set, but I put my foot down (Copyrighted 1903 by McClure, Phillips & Co.



buttons if that old hardshell's voice didn't shake They're two of as nice kinds as you'd find in many a weary day,' says he, 'and I wish 'em all the luck in

could do for 'em would be to shoot Jones.'
"'Man! Won't he sizz!' says Bob. And you can't blame us old codgers if we had a laugh at that, although it was such a powerful serious matter to the

'Let's go out and meet 'em,' says I. And away we went. They weren't a particle surprised. I suppose they thought the whole universe had stopped to look on. We pump-handled away and laughed, and Loys she laughed kind of teary, and Kyle he looked red in the face and proud and happy and ashamed of himself, and we all felt loosened up considerable, but I told him on the quiet. Take that fool siderable, but I told him on the quiet. Take that fool grin off your face, unless you want Uncle Jones to drop the moment he sees you.'

'So do I,' says I, 'and I really think the best we

right thing to say, by nature. Well: what are you young folks going to do? I asked them.
"They decided that they'd think it over until the next day, but that turned out to be too late; for what must Kyle do but get chucked from his horse and have his leg broke near the Mip. You don't want to take any love affairs onto the back of a Bud horse. take any love affairs onto the back of a bad horse, now you mark me! There was no such thing as drowning that boy when he was in his right mind. "Now here was a hurrah! Loys she dasn't cry for fear of uncle, and Kyle he used the sinfullest language known to the tongue of man. 'Twas the

first time I'd ever heard him say anything much, but he made it clear that it wasn't because he couldn't. "'What will we do, Red? What will we do? says

'Now,' says I, 'don't bile over like that, because

'Go on and tell me what we can do,' says he "'When you ask me that, you've pulled the right bell,' says I. 'I'll tell you exactly what we'll do. I go for the doctor. Savvy? Well, I bring back the minister at the same time. Angevine he loses the Jersey cow over the canebrake, and uncle and Angevine go hunting her, for not even Loys is ace high in uncle's mind alongside that cow.

'Red, you're a brick-you're the best fellow alive,' says Kyle, nearly squeezing the hand off me.
"Tve tried to conceal it all my life, but I knew it

would be discovered some day.' says I. Well, I suppose I'd better break the news to Loys-'twouldn't be any more than polite.'

WWW BATTLE OVER A GAME OF POKER WWW

Judge Hallowell's Two Sons.

"They said his old man. Judge Hallowell, had been just such another in his day, but that were afore my time, an' I don't know nothin' on'y what I've heer'd about him. When I first knowed this one, John Hallowell the judge had settled down, an' didn't never leave home 'thouten twas somepin out o' coramon took him. same as John is now, "He lived on his plantation in Mississippi right on the river, an' owned mor'n three thousand acres o' land an' tolerable close to two thousand niggers, so he was counted rich, even for them days. He had three sons, John bein' the oldest, an' what he didn't do, havin' settled down, as I said, them three 'd be reckoned on to do every time. They had more money than they c'd spend at home, an' they was always goin' to New Orleans or somewheres to find some way o' gettin' rid of it, but they didn't never travel together as a general thing. 'Peared they din't get on well. I never knowned much o' Tom, the youngest, but Ed, that was next to John. was a good deal like him, on y, as I said, they wa'n't together often.

"Both on 'em played poker whenever they had a chanst o' settin' in a big same, which were frequent them days, while I was lookin' on thet netted him handsome. settled down, an' didn't never leave home 'thouten twas somepin out o' coramon took him, same as John' is now,

"He lived on his plantation in Mississippi right on the river, an' owned mor'n three thousand acres o' land an' tolerable close to two thousand niggers, so he was counted rich, even for them days. He had three sons, John bein' the oldest, an' what he didn't do, havin' settled down, as I said, them three 'd be reckoned on to do every time. They had more money than they c'd spend at home, an' they was always goin' to New Orleans or somewheres to find some way o' gettin' rid of it, but they didn't never travel together as a general thing. 'Peared they din't get on well. I never knowned much o' Tom, the youngest, but Ed, that was pext to John, was a good deal like him, on'y, as I said, they wa'n't together often.

"Both on 'em played poker whenever they had a chanst o' settin' in a big game, which were frequent them days,

anyway."

out of the keyhole, etc.

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

medicine for it, and wouldn't buy any from a peddler,

"But, madam," said the cheeky scamp, pushing his way into the house, "let me tell you about this wonderful remedy."

He yanked out his samples and his order book and reeled off his regular song—verylod; has catarrh, everybody buys this remedy, and everybody snuffs it three times a day and drives the catarrh

When he paused for wird the angry woman sweetly asked 726 questions and kept him talking for an hour. When his voice was worn to a whisper she

'Well, I haven't a cent of money in the house, so I can't buy any of your medicine—'
"Why in blazes didn't you say so an hour ago?"
he yelled, as he boiled for the street.

"No," said the mistress of the Sixth ward home to which a vendor of a sure cure for catarrh applied yesterday, "I haven't any catarrh, don't need any

The property of the policy of

(Buffalo News.)

Representative Foss of Chicago, chairman of the naval affairs committee of the house, is a somewhat ponderous individual, and some of his critics are disposed to claim that he takes himself a tritle more seriously than is absolutely necessary. They were discussing him one evening in the jobby of one of the Washington hotels, and his colleague from Illinois, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, was appealed to for an opinion. "Well," said the next speaker of the house, "Foss is all right, but somehow he always rominder most.

well, said the fiext speaker of the house. Fossi is all right, but somehow he always reminds me of the prayer offered by the negro preacher. The invocation began this way: 'Oh, thou mighty, all-sufficient, self-sufficient, inefficient God!'

NOT THAT SORT OF A TRAIN.

George Francis Train was congratulated upon the -cake-like selling properties of his recently pub-Yes," said he, "but lots of people want free

"Indeed?"
"Yes; there must be an impression abroad that I am an accommodation Train."

c'd see't his law was gettin' sot, an' he was lookin' at his was lookin' the bot on make at him. An' it he seen that John was winnin' considerable, though he hadn't won none to speak at his care to from Ed.

"Finally there came a hand when the speak at his was little and the was goin' to do, he pulls his gun an' fired straight in John's face. It was the shot that cost him his eye, but it was the shot that cost him his eye, but it was the shot that cost him his eye, but it was the for the corner of his eye, an', curious corner de control of the were zoin' to make a struggle. It was the shot that cost him his eye, but for the minute it didn't knock him the was right between 'cm is a strong the law of the control of the corner of his eye, an', curious corner of his eye, an', curio